

DELL COMICS
DELL COMICS
DELL COMICS

MAY

10¢

GENE AUTRY COMICS



MAIL TO DELL PUBLISHING CO., 261 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

PLEASE SEND GENE AUTRY COMICS to:

DEPT. G-5-1

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET AND NUMBER _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

\$1.75 for Two Years

No Canadian subscriptions accepted

\$1.00 for One Year

Foreign \$2.00 for One Year

DONOR _____

ADDRESS _____

ACTION! ADVENTURE!
DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF

GENE AUTRY COMICS

*Subscribe now and
receive this magazine
every month.*

2 Year Subscription \$1.75
(24 issues)

1 Year Subscription \$1.00
(12 issues)



GENE AUTRY

USE THE HANDY ORDER FORM AT THE TOP OF THIS PAGE

GENE AUTRY COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 27, May, 1949. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter December 23, 1947 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U. S. \$1.00 per year; single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$3.00 per year; no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Copyright, 1949, by Gene Autry. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Except those who have authorized the use of their names herein, the stories, names, characters, incidents and institutions mentioned or portrayed in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Gene Autry

on Wild Horse Ranch

WHOA, THERE!
WHO'S CHASIN' YOU?

ENTERING THE TOWN
OF CEDAR CREEK, GENE
MEETS TROUBLE ON
THE HOOF...

LOOK OUT
FOR THAT
KID!

WHOOD!

YAHOO!

THOSE CRAZY FOOLS!
THEY'D HAVE TRAMPLED
YOU!

HAW!
HAW!

VERY FUNNY,
WASN'T IT?

MY LITTLE
GRANDDAUGHTER—
SHE HURT?

I DON'T
THINK SO—
I REACHED
HER IN TIME!



GENE RETURNS TO THE BANK.

YES SIR, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'M WORKIN' FOR THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL, AN' I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS YOU JUST TOOK IN!

THE BILLS THAT HARRY SPOTTED-HORSE JUST DEPOSITED? CERTAINLY, YOU CAN SEE THEM — BUT THEY'RE PERFECTLY GOOD!

OF COURSE, THESE BILLS ARE GOOD — THEY WERE PART OF A SHIPMENT STOLEN FROM THE U.P. MAIL CAR NEAR PILOT BUTTE LAST MONTH!

YOU MEAN THAT HOLDUP WHERE THREE RAILROAD MEN WERE KILLED? I THOUGHT THE ROBBERS WERE CAUGHT!

WE CAUGHT THREE ROBBERS... TWO GOT AWAY WITH THE LOOT — THE LEADER HAD A SCARRED FACE — I'VE TRAILED HIM TO THIS TOWN!

WHO IS THIS BRONC BOYD THAT PASSED THESE BILLS?

HE'S A BUYER AND TRAINER OF WILD HORSES... FINE REPUTATION... ONE OF THE COUNTY'S BIG MEN!

I THINK I'LL RIDE OUT AND CALL ON MISTER BRONC BOYD... MEANTIME, JUST KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT, WILL YOU?

SURE, MARSHAL! YOU CAN TRUST ME TO DO THAT!

ONE OF THOSE SMART ALECS
THAT HURRAHED HARRY
SPOTTED-HORSE HAD A
SCAR ON HIS FACE...
AN' HE WORKS FOR
BO-YO!



HI, HARRY!
WHICH IS THE
SHORTEST
WAY TO BRONC
BOYD'S RANCH?

YOU COME
ALONG — ME
SHOW YOU!



YOU LOOK-UM
FOR JOB TRAININ'
WILD HORSES?

MAYBE... IT
ALL DEPENDS!



FOR YOU NEVER CAN TELL
WHAT'S OVER THE HILL —
A BEE, OR A BEAR, OR A TEN
DOLLAR BILL,
A CUTE LITTLE GAL OR A
FORTY-FIVE SHELL
CAN CHANGE YOUR PLANS —
AND YOUR LIFE AS WELL!



UGH! RIDERS COME
FAST BEHIND US!



YIP-YIP-YIP
YEOW-OOO!

WHOMEVER IT IS,
THEY SURE ARE
CELEBRATIN'!



YEON-OOO!

YEE-AHOO!

THAT'S SCARFACE — HEADIN' FOR BOYD'S RANCH!



I RECKON I'LL
TAIL AFTER
THOSE TWO
RIDERS, HARRY...
SEE YOU SOME
OTHER TIME!

HEAD TOUGH CREW
AT WILD HORSE
RANCH! YOU
WATCH-UM STEP!



THAT'S HEAD GOOD
ADVICE, HARRY!
SO LONG!



JUST AT SUNSET, GENE ARRIVES
AT WILD HORSE RANCH.



AT LANDLIGHT, A STRANGER CAN SEE—
AND NOT BE SEEN



I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE, CHAMP...
MIGHT NEED TO
GET AWAY FAST!



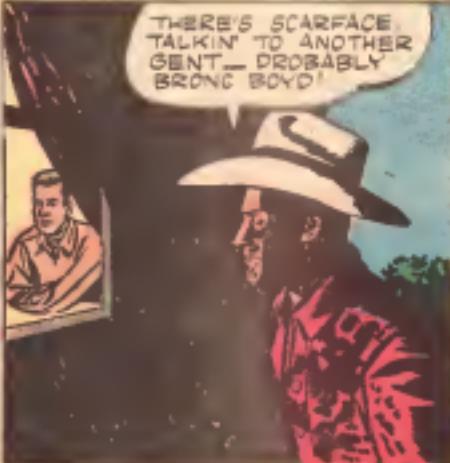
BLAUP!



M-BAWWW!



THERE'S SCARFACE
TALKIN' TO ANOTHER
GENT— PROBABLY
BRONCO BOYD!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH GIVIN'
ME ANOTHER PERSONAL
CHECK FOR THESE
HUNDRED DOLLAR
BILLS, BRONCO?
CAN'T A MAN ASK
A FAVOR OF HIS
OWN BROTHER?

YOU'VE GOT
TOO MANY OF
THOSE BIG BANK
NOTES, CART
BOYD!



TOO MANY TO HAVE COME BY
THEM HONESTLY! IT'S NONE
OF MY BUSINESS WHERE
YOU'VE BEEN THE PAST TEN
YEARS, CART — BUT I'M HANDLING
NO MORE MONEY FOR YOU!



SO YOU'VE MADE
UP YOUR MIND TO
THROW ME OUT?



I'VE GOT TO DOCTOR
THAT CALF NOW...
GOOD NIGHT, CART!



PUT UP YOUR HANDS, CART
BOYD! YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST FOR TRAIN
ROBBERY AND MURDER!



I'M A UNITED STATES
DEPUTY MARSHAL...
MOVE YOUR HANDS
BEHIND YOUR BACK,
ONE AT A TIME!



WHOK!





YOU GOT HIS
BADGE AN'
PAPERS, CART?

YEAH...
THERE WON'T
BE ANY WAY
TO IDENTIFY
HIM, AFTER
HE'S BEEN
DRAGGED
OVER THE
ROCKS!

WHUH-HUH-HUH-HUH!

MMMH! CHAMP—WHAT
HAPPENED? DONIT
MOVE—

GOT IT—OUT! OH,
MY HEAD—

DAYLIGHT FINDS CHAMP STILL ON
GUARD OVER HIS INJURED MASTER

SUDDENLY THE MORNING BREEZE
BRINGS TO CHAMP THE DREADED
SCENT OF...

WHOOF!
WHUFF!

— BEAR!



DESPITE HIS TERROR, CHAMP FACES HIS NATURAL ENEMY — READY TO BATTLE FOR THE LIFE OF HIS MASTER.



FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE DRAW, A SHOUT RINGS OUT LOUDLY.



TAKE IT EASY, BOY!
LET'S SEE WHAT'S
AILIN' YOUR RIDER!
BACK UP NOW!



BAD WOUND ON TH' HEAD—
LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN
PISTOL-WHIPPED... BUT
HIS HEARTBEAT'S
STRONG!



GIT ALONG THERE,
BRUNO! G'WAN HOME
AHEAD OF US!



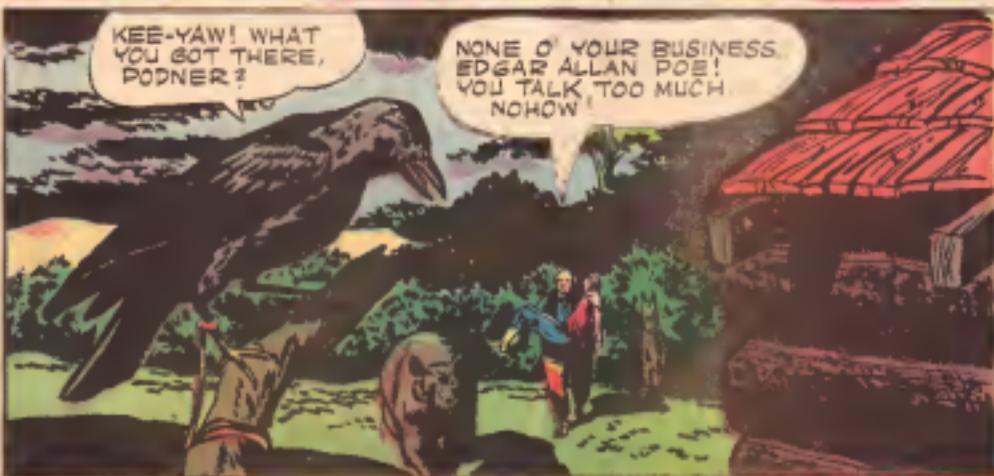
WHUH-HUH-HUH!

HOLD YOUR
'TATERS, HOSS!
YOUR BOSS'LL
BE FINE AN'
DANDY AFTER
I FIX HIM UP
A MITE!



KEE-YAW! WHAT
YOU GOT THERE,
POPNER?

NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS.
EDGAR ALLAN POE!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
NOHOW!



HIS SKULL AIN'T BUSTED,
BOYS... HE'S GOT WHAT
THEY CALL A "CONCUSSION,"
MAYBE!

KROAKK!
CONCUSSION!
CONCUSSION!

YOU KEEP AN EYE ON HIM,
EDGAR... BRUNO AN'
WE'LL GO FETCH SOME
FRESH MEAT!

SO LONG!
SO LONG!



MMMH! WHERE-
WHAT'S THIS PLACE?
WHAT TIME IS IT?

TIME TO GIT
UP, PODNER!
TIME TO GIT
UP!

A TAME RAVEN!
WHERE'S YOUR
OWNER, FELLA?

KROAKK!
OWNER!
OWNER!



GLAD TO SEE YOU
UP, STRANGER!
HOW'S YOUR HEAD?

LIKE A BARRELFUL
OF MISERY!

I RECKON IT'S
THANKS TO YOU
THAT I'M ALIVE...
MY NAME'S GENE
AUTRY!

MINE'S BILL HENDRYX!
MAKE YOURSELF TO
HOME WHILE I FRY
UP SOME MEAT FOR
DINNER!



YOU'RE MIGHTY COMFORTABLE HERE, HENDRYX!

UH-HMM! THERE'S ENOUGH GOLD DUST LEFT IN WILD CREEK TO KEEPS US IN GRUB! BRUNO AN' EDGAR AN' ME DON'T NEED MUCH ELSE!

WE AINT HANKERIN' NONE FOR COMPIN', BUT YOU JEST STAY AROUND TILL THAT THERE HEAD WOUND HEALS!

THANKS... MORE THAN I CAN SAY! CHAMP AN' I'LL BE MOVIN' PRETTY SOON!



TWO DAYS LATER

SO LONG - AN' THANKS AGAIN!

KRROAK!
SO LONG!
SO LONG!



AN HOUR'S RIDE BRINGS GENE TO THE WICKUP OF HARRY SPOTTED-HORSE!

BBBB! LOOK-UM WHO COME!

SING-UM 'NOTHER NICE SONG FOR LARK!

I WILL LATER... HARRY, I'D LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU ALONE!



I'M A DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL... I NEED A LITTLE HELP FROM YOU— SO I'M GOIN' TO TELL YOU SOME SECRETS!



UGH! ME KEEP-UHM SECRETS PLENTY GOOD

UGH! TALK-UHM WHISPER! ME DISGUSTED!

OKAY— HERE'S THE STORY... WHISH-A- WHISH-A- SHUSH-A- WHISH!



YOU COME OUT, TUMBLEWEED! ME NEED-UHM HOLE PLENTY QUICK!



... SO, IF YOU'LL LET ME HAVE SOME OLD CLOTHES AN' A PONY, HARRY, I'LL HIT BRONCO BOYD FOR A JOB!



CART BOYD AN' HARRY WON'T GUESS WHO I AM... MY FACE WAS PLASTERED WITH MUD WHEN THEY SAW ME THAT NIGHT... AN' ONLY YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS....

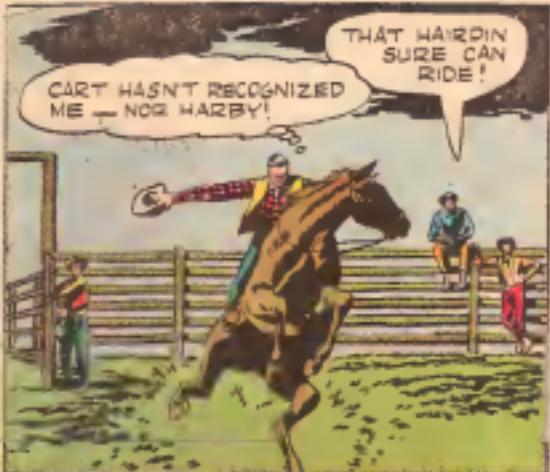


AH-KACHOO!

WHO'S THAT—?







HOW ABOUT LENDIN' ME
SOME GOIN'-TO-TOWN
MONEY, BRONC? HARBY
AN' ME ARE HANKERIN'
FOR THE BRIGHT LIGHTS!

YOU HAD
PLENTY
MONEY
A WEEK
AGO,
CART...

I'LL PAY YOU
WAGES IF YOU
WANT TO
WORK — BUT
I CAN'T
AFFORD TO
WRITE YOU
CHECKS
FOR
NOTHIN'!

OKAY, BROTHER TIGHT-
WADY! I KNOW WHERE
I CAN GET THE DOUGH—
AN' I WOULDN'T WORK
FOR YOU IF YOU WERE
DYIN'!

COME ON, HARBY! THIS PLACE
HAS GOT TOO RIGHTEOUS
FOR YOU AN' ME ... NEXT
THING, BRONC WILL BE
SICKIN' THE LAW ON US!

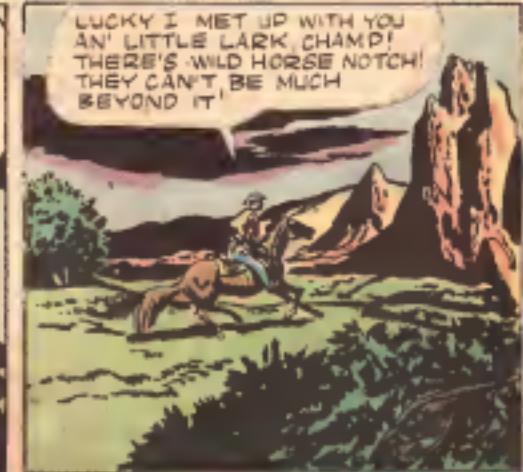
MISTER BOYD, IF
YOU DON'T MIND
I'D LIKE THE
AFTERNOON
OFF!

THE BRIGHT
LIGHTS CALLIN'
YOU, TOO,
GENE?

AT LEAST YOU'VE
EARNED YOUR
MONEY! DON'T
FORGET TO
COME BACK!

THANKS,
'MISTER
BOYD!'

BRONC WOULD BE MORE
WORRIED ABOUT HIS
SCALAWAG BROTHER,
IF HE KNEW THAT I'M
THE LAW
ON HIS
TRAIL!



THERE, THEY GO! OUT OF THAT DRAW! AN' ONE OF EM IS CARRYIN' A SACK!



THAT'S THE MAIL SACK, ALL RIGHT! BUT I CAN'T SHOOT YET— MIGHT KILL SOMEBODY!



SAVE YOUR BULLETS— AN' RIDE FOR THE TREES!

YEAH, IT'S THE TIN-STAR AN' HE'S TAKIN' A CHANCE OF COMIN' CLOSE!



WE'LL TRAP HIM IN HERE— FROM TWO SIDES!



I HEAR SHOTS! AN' HENDRYX'S CABIN IS RIGHT AHEAD!



THAT'S CART BOYD'S HORSE!



THEY'VE SHOT BILL HENDRYX - AN' HIS BEAR!



CHAMO! QUIT BUCKIN'!
YOU'VE SMELLED THAT BEAR BEFORE!



YEOW!
CRAZY CAYUSE!



BRUNO SUDDENLY REVIVES!

WAIT! CART! I
LOST MY GUN!

MINE'S EMPTY—
GOT TO LOAD IT—
AN' THAT BEAR'S
COMIN' AGAIN!





CART'S SHOOTING —
AT THAT BEAR!



THEY KILLED EACH
OTHER! I KNEW IT!



CART BOYD IS
KNOCKED OUT!
HOW ABOUT
BRUNO?

TWO BULLET
CREASES ON HIS
HEAD! I'M HOPIN'
HE'S ONLY KNOCKED
OUT, TOO!



BRUNO! IF YOUR HEAD
WASN'T ALMOST SOLID
BONE, I'D HAVE LOST
MY BEST FRIEND!



YOU CAN TAKE
BOTH OF THEM
BLAMED KILLERS
BACK TO JAIL,
AUTRY!

NOT TILL I FIND
MY HORSE — SMELL
OF BEAR MUSTA
STAMPEDED HIM
AN' THE OTHER
TWO!



I'LL TIE THEM UP AN'
TAKE THEM DOWN THE
DRAW, WHERE BRUNO
WON'T BE TEMPTED
TO WORK ON THEM!



LOOK-UM, GRAN'PAW!
GENE AUTRY'S HORSE
GOT-UM EMPTY
SADDLE!

GOOD THING
WE FOLLOW!

WHAT HAPPEN
TO GENE CHAMP?
ME WISH-UM
YOU TALK!

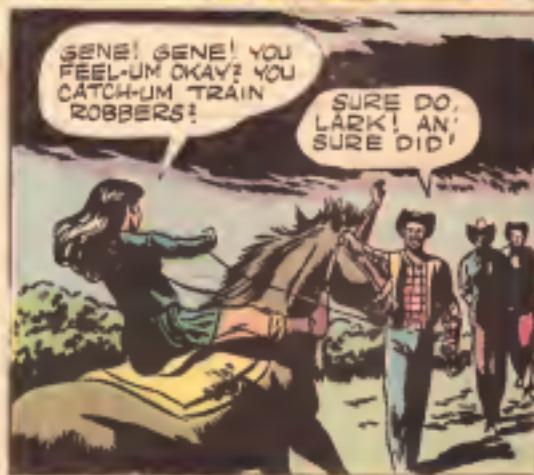
TWO MORE
EMPTY SADDLES
OVER THERE!
ME CATCH-UM!



MAYBE TRAIN
ROBBERS KILL-UM
GENE AUTRY...
OR MAYBE
HIM HURT!

GENE! GENE! YOU
FEEL-UM OKAY? YOU
CATCH-UM TRAIN
ROBBERS!

SURE DO,
LARK! AN'
SURE 'DID'



THE ROBBERS DON'T FEEL SO
GOOD, THOUGH... I'LL HAVE TO
GET HORSES FOR 'EM!

GRAN'PAW CATCH-UM
EMPTY SADDLES NOW...
BUT YOU FORGET-UM
SOMETHIN'
GENE!



YOU PROMISE
SING-UM ME
'NOTHER
SONG!

THAT'S RIGHT—I DID! OKAY, LARK...
I MET A LITTLE
INJUN GIRLIE,
WAY OUT IN
O'RE-GON...
HER INJUN NAME
WAS 'EARLY-
LARK-SINGIN'-IN-
THE-DAWN!"

SHE FOUND MY HOSS
A-STRAYIN'
AN' ROPE MY HEART
AS WELL...
SHE FOUND OUT ALL
MY SECRETS,
BUT SHE PROMISED
NOT TO TELL!

I'LL MISS MY INJUN GIRLIE,
WHEN I RIDE MY LONESOME TRAIL,
BUT I'LL HEAR HER SINGIN' WITH
THE LARKS
WHEN THE EASTERN SKY
GROWS PALE...

HEY! WHAT ON
EARTH AILS YOU,
CHAMP?

SHUCKS, AUTRY! IT'S
ONLY ME'N BRUNO.
COME TO TELL
YOU GOOD-BYE!
SORRY WE
SPOOKED
YOUR HOSS!

HI! ME CATCH-UM
HOSSES AN' BANK
MONEY, TOO! WHO
CATCH-UM REWARD
MONEY NOW?

WELL NOW I RECKON IT
OUGHTA GO TO THE TWO
WHO REALLY DID THE
WORK, BRUNO AN'
LITTLE LARK!

JEST PLAIN LUCK

Copyright 1949, by Western Publishing & Litho Co.

Billy Purvis was sweeping the front porch of his mother's boarding house when Sheriff Ketchell came across the street, carrying a printed poster and a hammer.

"Mornin', Billy." The sheriff stopped at the telegraph pole. "How's business?"

Billy shouldered the broom and headed down the steps to stand on the board sidewalk alongside the sheriff. "Not good an' not bad, Sheriff. Mom got a new boarder off'n the eastbound stage last night. But seein' as Mr. Clyde left on that stage, we ain't ahead any." He sighed. "Sure wish I was big enough to get a reg'lar job. Then we could pay off the mortgage real fast, an' Mom could quit frettin'."

Sheriff Ketchell nodded sympathetically and began to nail the poster to the pole. "What're you aimin' to be when you grow up?"

"A lawman!" Billy replied decisively.

Sheriff Ketchell grinned down at the tow-headed, freckle-faced boy. "Think you'll be a good one?"

"Sure!" Billy nodded. "I'm a pretty fair shot, an' I ain't scairt o' nuthin'."

"Two very necessary qualifications," chuckled the sheriff. "An' if you'd like some practice trackin' down outlaws, why don't you see if you can turn up these birds?" He indicated the poster.

Billy's eyes skimmed over the big letters at the top of the poster which were all he could see above the sheriff's shoulder.

**"DEAD OR ALIVE!
\$5,000 REWARD!"**



"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "That's mighty big reward money."

Sheriff Ketchell's face darkened. "Not for these birds. They robbed the Cactus Junction bank o' twenty thousand dollars an' gunned down the cashier." He pounded another nail into the pole.

"Gosh!" Billy repeated. "Got any idea who they are?"

The sheriff shook his head. "They were masked. We got fair descriptions, though. One was real tall an' thin. He talked sorta funny, like he was missin' a couple front teeth. The other was about my size an' held his head to one side, as if he had a stiff neck."

Billy frowned thoughtfully. "I wonder if they came this way?"

The sheriff shrugged. "Accordin' to the word I got, they headed for Saddleback Ridge yonder." He glanced toward the bleak rocky ridge silhouetted against the western sky.

Billy's eyes shone with excitement. "Moybe I'll ride up that way after I get my chores done."

"Fraid you'll be wastin' time doin' that," Sheriff Ketchell smiled. "That's a mighty long ridge with plenty o' hidin' places. Besides, it'd be real easy to get from it into the Big Woods where there's more an' better hide-outs." He started back across the street. "B'lieve me, son, if the law catches up with those vermin, it'll be thanks to somebody havin' jest plain luck!"

As Billy started back up the steps, the screen door squeaked open and Mr. Warner, the new boarder, came

through it Billy tensed. Mr. Warner was tall and real thin! Like one of the bank robbers. Maybe... He broke off the exciting thought. Mr. Warner was smiling broadly—and he had all of his teeth!

"Playing soldier, Billy?" Mr. Warner indicated the broom over Billy's shoulder.

Billy flushed and lowered the broom. "Course not!" For the first time, he noticed Mr. Warner was wearing a knapsack. "Goin' hikin'?"

"Right. I'm a geologist. Know what that is?"

Billy nodded. "We had one here last summer. He was huntin' for oil, but he walked his feet fulla corns an' never found a smitchin'!"

"Here's hoping I have better luck," chuckled Mr. Warner. "I'm looking for minerals." He went on down the steps.

Billy considered calling out a warning about the bank robbers but decided against it. After all, he and Mom needed the reward money more than Mr. Warner did. And even if the sheriff did think it would be a waste of time to scout the Ridge, he'd do it that afternoon. But the afternoon found him whitewashing the henhouse. And sundown found him sitting disconsolately on the front steps when Mr. Warner came down the street.

Billy eyed him. "Any luck?"

Mr. Warner sighed wearily. "In a way I found some promising rock formations up on Saddleback Ridge."

A small frown creased Billy's forehead. But Mr. Warner did not see it. He was going on into the house.

The small cabin lay deep in the heart of the Big Woods. And the voices of the three men inside of it could not be heard beyond its thick fog walls. Nor could these men hear the faint rustling of the underbrush or the stealthy footsteps outside. Consequently, they were stunned when the door burst open and Sheriff Ketchell's voice boomed out:

"Grab the air, you coyotes! The cabin's surrounded!"

Billy waited until the sheriff and the posse had disarmed and handcuffed

the three men. Then he pushed into the cabin. Sheriff Ketchell saw him and pointed to the table around which the three men had been sitting. On it lay an open knapsack, which apparently had held food, several empty moneybags, stacks of silver and gold coins and half a dozen piles of folding money.

"Then I WAS right!" yelled Billy. "They're the robbers!"

Sheriff Ketchell nodded. "The two who did the killin' on' their accomplice who cased the bank on' come up here to fix their getaway from these parts on' keep 'em supplied with food. You sure did a bang-up job, son!"

"What did HE have to do with it?" snarled one of the outlaws, a tall, very thin man with all his teeth.

Billy grinned at him. "Why, I solved this case, Mr. Warner," he said. "But you helped me."

Warner scowled. "How?"

"By your shoes," said Billy. "You told me you went to Saddleback Ridge yesterday. But when you came home, you had red mud on your shoes. An' the only place there's any a' that around here is in these Big Woods. So I tipped off the sheriff 'bout my suspicions, an' I reckon you know the rest." He grinned at the sheriff. "I reckon, too, this wasn't a case o' jest plain luck."

Sheriff Ketchell returned the grin. "You're durned right—Mr. Lawman!"



NUGGETS in the DESERT



"LISETA'S PAW HAD A HERD O'GOATS - AN' EVERY DAY LISETA DROVE 'EM OUT TO THE EDGE O' THE DESERT TO GRAZE ---"



"ONE DAY SOME O'THE CRITTERS STRAYED OFF QUITE A PIECE, THAT DIDN'T WORRY LISETA TILL LATE THAT AFTERNOON ---"



"WHEN SHE SPOTTED A SANDSTORM RIZIN' IN THE WEST."



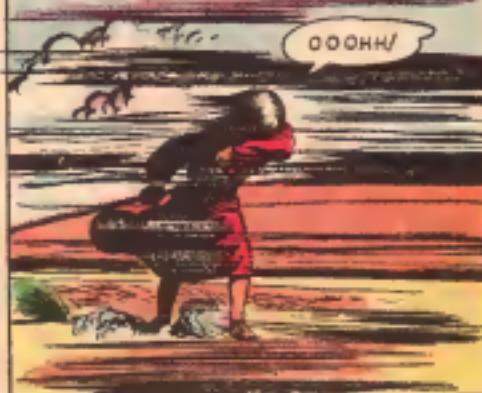
"IMMEDIATELY SHE GAVE THE CALL THAT USUALLY TURNED THE HERD TOWARDS 'HOME' ---"



"WHEN THE STRAYS DIDN'T PAY NO HEED TO HER YELLIN', LISETA STARTED AFTER 'EM."



"SHE HADN'T GONE MOREN A HUNDRED YARDS WHEN THE SANDER STRUCK!"



"RIGHT OFF, LISETA LOST SIGHT O' THE GOATS - BOTH THE STRAYS AN' THE MAIN HERD."



"TWARN'T NOTHIN SHE COULD DO ABOUT THE CRITTERS, SO SHE FACED INTO THE WIND TO MAKE HER WAY HOME."



"AN COULDN'T GET BACK UP ON HER FEET, - SO SHE STARTED CRAWLIN' -- AN' CRYIN' ----



"THE WIND GROWED STRONGER, THE SAND CUT INTO HER LIKE THOUSANDS O' TINY KNIVES. SHE STUMBLLED --



"PIN'LLY, SHE REALIZED THE WIND WAS SWEEPIN HER ALONG LIKE SHE WASN'T NO MORE N A TUMBLEWEED!"



"SO SHE GOT SMART, COMIN' TO A SHALLOW DRAW, SHE HUDDLED INTO IT."

I MUST
HANG ON!

"WHEN NIGHT COME, THE SANDER WAS A REGULAR TWISTER. LISETA COULD FEEL IT SHEEPIN' THE SAND AWAY FROM ALL AROUND HER."

"ALL NIGHT AN' HALF THE NEXT DAY THE STORM KEPT RAGIN'. LISETA WAS MIGHTY MISERABLE --"

THIS SAND/
THESE LITTLE ROCKS
I AM LYIN' ON/
I CANNOT STAND
THEM MUCH LONGER!

"SUDDENLY, THE WIND DIED DOWN. THE SAND SETTLED. AN' LISETA SAW THE SUN AGAIN."

THE STORM/ SHE IS OVER/
AND I AM STILL ALIVE!

"ACHIN' IN EVERY BONE, HER SKIN RAW FROM THE DRIVIN' SAND, SHE STARTED TO GET TO HER FEET!"

MADRE MIA...
WHAT IS THIS?

"AS SHE DID, SHE LOOKED DOWN AT THE LITTLE ROCKS SHE'D BEEN LYIN' ON SO LONG!"

GOLD
NUGGETS!

"THE NUGGETS IN THE DRAW WERE NOTHIN' COMPARED TO WHAT SHE SAW WHEN SHE STOOD UP AN' LOOKED AROUND --"

AIEEEEE!!
THOUSANDS OF THEM!
NEVER AGAIN WILL I HAVE
TO TEND THE GOATS!/



"PUTTIN' ALL THE NUGGETS SHE COULD TOTE INTO HER SKIRT, SHE STARTED WALKIN' ACROSS THE SAND."



"ALL TO ONCE, SHE SAW PUFFS O SMOKE ON THE HORIZON."

THE SMOKE OF A TRAIN! SANTA MARIA!
I AM SAVED!/



"RUNNIN', FALLIN', WALKIN', AN' CRAWLIN', SHE FINLLY GOT TO THE RAILROAD TRACKS AN' SAT DOWN BESIDE EM TILL A TRAIN COME ALONG!"



"LIKE ALL TRAINS ON THE DESERT, THIS ONE STOPPED WHEN THE ENGINEER SPOTTED LISETA!"



"WHEN LISETA LEFT THE DOC'S HOUSE A FEW DAYS LATER, SHE FOUND THE WHOLE TRAIN CREW WAITIN' FOR HER----"

SEÑOR! YOU ARE A SURPRISE! WHY ARE YOU NOT RUNNING THE TRAIN?

WE QUIT, LISETA! WE FIGURE ON HAVIN' YOU LEAD US BACK TO WHERE YOU FOUND THOSE NUGGETS!



"TILL SHE WAS AN OLD WOMAN, STILL HERRIN' GOATS, LISETA KEPT LOOKIN' FOR THE FIELD O' GOLD. SHE NEVER FOUND IT!"

THE SAND COVERED THEM! IT MUST UNCOVER THEM SOMEDAY!



SEEMS HE GOT LOST AN' NEAR DIED O' THIRST AFORE HE GOT OUTA THE DESERT! HAD TO DUMP ALL THE GOLD!

GOSH! I HOPE YOU AN' JUGHEAD DON'T GET LOST!



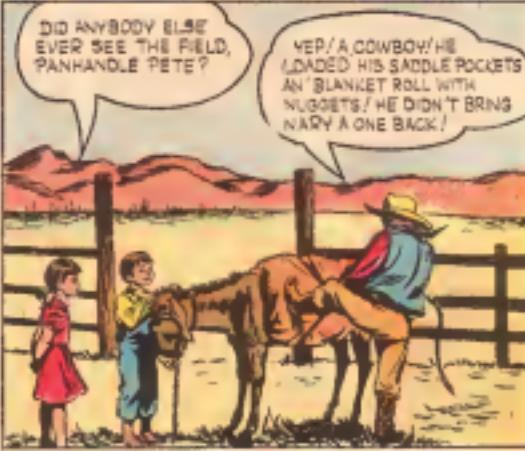
"LISETA DIRECTED THEM AS BEST SHE COULD, AN' THE WHOLE GANG TOOK OFF, PROMISING TO CUT HER IN ON WHATEVER THEY FOUND."

IT'S NO USE GOIN' ON, MEN! THERE'S NOT A FOOTPRINT OR A LANDMARK TO GO BY!



DID ANYBODY ELSE EVER SEE THE FIELD, PANHANDLE PETE?

YEP! A COWBOY HE LOADED HIS SADDLE POCKETS AN' BLANKET ROLL WITH NUGGETS! HE DIDN'T BRING NARY A ONE BACK!



DON'T WORRY, YOUNG'UNS! WE'LL BE BACK REAL SOON WITH ANOTHER RIP-SNORTIN' YARN FOR YOU!







BEWARE!

FREE COMICS GROUP™

20¢
1 MAR
02-105

THE MONSTERS ARE COMING!



BEWARE!



**VENI
VIDI
SCANI**

the incredible
BUMBLEBEE-MAN !